Identity by Julio Noboa Polanco

**Let them be as flowers,  
always watered, fed, guarded, admired,  
but harnessed to a pot of dirt.  
  
I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed,  
clinging on cliffs, *like* an eagle  
wind-wavering above high, jagged rocks.  
  
To have *broken through* the surface of stone,  
to live, to feel exposed to the madness  
of the vast, eternal sky.  
To be swayed by the *breezes of an ancient sea*,  
carrying my soul, my seed,  
beyond the mountains of time or into the abyss of the bizarre.  
  
I'd rather be unseen, and if  
then shunned by everyone,  
than to be a pleasant-smelling flower,  
growing in clusters in the fertile valley,  
where they're *praised, handled, and plucked*  
by greedy, human hands.  
  
I'd rather *smell of musty, green stench*  
than of *sweet, fragrant lilac.*  
If *I could stand alone*, strong and free,  
I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed.**